Jerome Agel
2 Peter Cooper Road
New York, NY 10010

8/27/94

Dear Jerry,

Yesterday was one of the most harrowing and exhausting dup but this morning, at 8:26 a.m., I am over yesterday's imminent danger of internal hemorrhaging and although I'm beginning to tire, I feel pretty good. About the reduced danger of hemorrhaging and about the enclosed letter to Random House's other than Portia-like associate general counsel. I'll be writing Doubleday's deputy general counsel. If I enclose that I ask you to keep that one in confidence.

In learning how to cope with two serious medical problems of the dozen or more I am lucky to survive to 81 I lead a convoluted life. To get enough sleep because very early in the morning I am wide awake, I retired early, VERY early. 6:20 yesterday afternoon. For the first time in so long I can't remember when, I did not get up once. Until 12;50 a.m. After sitting a while until my heart gets pumping enough and drinking a cup of coffee while reading, I went to my desk and wrote the enclosed letter. I then left for my usual early-morning walking, more than half of which is resting, was home at about 5:30, read and corrected this letter to that lawyer, then left for an unusual Saturday testing of how long my blood takes to clot.

When I left for this second trip this morning, while not entirely pleased with it but more than merely satisfied with this letter to Random House (and would I like to be there to see that unconscionable bastard Loomis' reaction to it!) and your desire to be helpful came to mind, I was sorry that it has been so long since we've really been able to talk, more than 25 years, and that you have never been able to see the reflection of the work I've done in what I have on paper and in some 60 file cabinets of records plus I cannot guess how very many boxes of them. I have done the basic factual work on the JFK assassination and its investigations and it is entirely factual. No theories.

After my successful heart operation in 1989, successful although it is followed by progressive weakening and other serious problems, I decided that because I do have unique subject-matter knowledge, because all other writing in the field on both sides ~~are~~ is corrupting the truth and our history, I would use as much as possible of the time remaining to me to make and leave an accurate record for history. It may not be used, but if it is not made, it cannot be.

With Posner, for example, I did not plan a book. I did think I'd perhaps use a chapter of a book that certainly will never be printed in my lifetime, a very long book, Inside the JFK Assassination Industry. I planned to annotate ~~it~~ Posner's book for the record and was doing that when I spotted how he stole from the article of a 15-year-old boy of which I remembered having four copies as used in four different papers when it was syndicated by the LA Times. That is what decided me to do the book a small fraction of which appeared

after butchering as Case Open. The mail for which keeps up after four months and is the most totally favorable I've ever gotten. More than 200 letters on it alone by now.

And to date, Posner included, I have yet to get a letter complaining that I treated any of the many about whom I wrote critically in any way unfairly. Eight of my books have appeared. Perhaps the most important one is being held up, now promised ~~for~~ 3/95, when it could have appeared more than a year ago.

My work is accurate and it is fair. And I'm happy about it and that I've been able to live long enough to do as much as I have. With promises to keep before I sleep at least partly met.

After yesterday's early morning walking at a shopping center for which I left at 3:45 I drove to the building in which I normally have three blood tests a week, to determine the time my blood is taking to clot. I have lived since 1975 on a higher than normal level or anticoagulation. And I did hemorrhage internally in about 1977. I walked and read inside that building, which I can get inoby 5:30, until the lab opened. After my blood was taken I drove for informal physical therapy, informal because it is both free from friends and not prescribed by my doctors. Who had told me no exercise at all and now tell me to change nothing. From there I rushed home to pick my wife up for my cardiologist's examination, every four months. He was running late. But he said when he was finished that my heart "checks good." I said, "you mean not counting what you do not tell me about it," something I'd gotten him to admit a year ago. We both laughed. His secretary had phoned and gotten the clotting time of the blood. It was well into the danger of hemorrhaging range. And my family doctor, who has done the monitoring, was off. We went to his office with the result, they were shown to his asspciate, and he told me to take seven mg. That means nothing to you but it is more than most people can tolearte, a ~~fridle~~ little under my average present dosage. I told the woman in his office that I would not take it and wanted to see him. If I had taken it I would not now be writing you! He agreed for me to have a special test today and gave me a slip to the local hospital in the event the lab to which I go could not or would not process the blood sample. In the recent past they sent them away on Saturdays. I called and they said they'd do it.

By that time we'd had time for lunch only. We then had to go to the bank to arrange for what to do with a matured CD and then I took my wife, Lil, to her physical therapy. Which lasted ~~four~~ two hours. During that I arranged to have prints made of an unknown picture series that confirms Oswald's alibin, that he was taking curtainrod with him that morning because his room needed curtains. These are pictures of them being installed! Dated that day but actually the next day. I wanted them in Case Open, with what was gutted out of it, and I've bee promised they will be in NEVER AGAIN! I hope that you and anyone to whom you may show this, if you do, will say nothing about that until that book appars. It should attract attention, I think.

By the time we were home, and what a hot day it was, I was exhausted and it was almost our suppertime. Although I'd gotten Oelsner's letter the afternoon before I'd just skimmed it hastily so I could keep from getting behind in the mail and in packaging the book orders, my part of that part of our minuscule publishing operation. I decided not to think about the Oelsner letter and to try to relax looking at what is actually referred to as news on TV. And then, with neither the prostate urgency nor the sleep apnea (which means that sometimes we do not breathe while asleep and awakens us in the revelant part of a wider meaning) waking me, I went to work on Oelsner. I left before 4 for the walking, returned long enough to read and correct my letter, and then, in such a hurry, I forgot to leave a coffee setup for Lil, I went to the lab.

Those fine women there treat me like a grandfather, some like a great-grandfather. When one heard that I was coming in for a special test today she thought that because it is special they had to have an order from my doctor. She got that and I did not have that delay. When I asked if they would run it then or later when they run the other kinds of tests, they said they'd make a special job of it and run it then. I was in danger, possibly.

Those wonderful women worry about me if I am late and they talk among themselves about any abnormal test results. As I was leaving the tiny room in which the blood is taken, the senior technologist who I've known since she was a girl just going to work there, walked in and looked at me. "Twenty SevEN?'" she said. "27.8" I replied, the time it took yesterday for my blood to clot, in seconds. Base is 10 second. She just shook her head. When I told her that I'd refused to take the prescribed dosage yesterday she said, that is why you are here instead of in the hospital.

During the winter, on a bitter cold and very windy day I phoned to see if the snow from the parking lot to the building had been cleared. I was told it was icy, not to come, and to call in two hours. When I did they told me it was too dangerous, to drive to the circular driveway on the floor below and honk the horn, that one of them would come out and draw my blood. I told them it was much too cold for that so first I would see if there was an open space near the canopied entrance to the floor below on the other side of the building. There was, but before I could get out of the car a fine young woman who has a boy of 10 was there with all the paraphenalia used in taking blood. She had not taken time ever for a jacket! And they'd had to have had a watch for me for her to know I was there and to get there when she did. Fine young black woman who usually takes my blood. I took her by the arm back into the building, there being no snow or ice under that canopy, gave her a big hug when we were out of the cold, and we then went to the lab where she took the blood, then brought me coffee. The windchill she had braved for me was quite a bit under zero. So that wonderful gesture came to my mind this morning with the special arrangements they had made for me for this morning. And it made me feel even better than this morning's kindness and reassurance. It took four and a half second less for my blood to clot. Now I

have to be my own doctor again and figure the closest I can to a correct dosage that will not let it climb again and also will not let me get down into the clotting gange, which can kill me if it does.

Convoluted life, friend?

Yet with so many rewards in it.

Only in a small and fine town like Frederick could one hope to get the special consideration and concerns I enjoy ~~in~~ at this lab. (and elsewhere.)

When not for the first time my life could have depended on it.

So, I feel fine about it, despite tiring a bit.

Because someone is due soon I get to other letters I have to write now.

But while feeling good I thought you might be interested in the strangeness of my life of recent years and that it has not kep me from being productive. Even though I now walk unsteadily and with some discomfort, and quite weak, tire easily. And have gotten over a million words on paper in the last two years. while doing much else.

Again thanks for the willingness to try to help.

That is whefe we met, as I well remember and appreciate.

Best,

Harold